MAX, THE BOY SCOUT

A Great Civil War Adventure for Young People

By Capt. Gordon Parker

Prizes for Boy Scout Essays

THE EVENING WORLD will award weekly a series of valuable prizes for the best essays (not over 250 words long) written by any school pupil on the lessons taught by the six preceding instalments of this story. Read each week'sinstalments; then write the impressions you have gathered from them. Do not write the plot of the story, as some contestants have done; but describe such lessons in manliness, pluck, patriotism, cleverness, etc., as you have gathered from the narrative. The teacher or parent of each competitor is asked to write a line to the effect that it is original and written without assistance.

Penmanship, punctuation, spelling and composition will be considered in making awards. Essays based on each week's instalments should reach this office during the following week. Address "BOY SCOUT EDITOR, EVENING WORLD." Tengold watches and tensilver watches will be awarded each week

CHAPTER XVI. The "Heart of Flint."

The santinel fired, point blank. The willet went wild. Before he could recharge his muzzie-leading sun, Max had galloped past bim into the very heart of the underbrush. But cries from various points shead showed that the shots and yells had stirred the whole Southern picket line. At any moment Max was in danger of running into some sentry whose alm might be better than the first's.

Into the high undergrowth Max crash-

through the saplings and sarubs. The sound served to guide them in the chase. Into the wide thicket they tore, plunging on in the wake of Max's horse, which they could still hear not many yards in front of them.

At last they burst out into a little clade that served as a part of casts in

At last they burst out into a latter glade that served as a sort of easis in the acres of thick, tangled surrounding years we've read that in matters of diswoodland. In the centre of the glade, cipline he has a heart like flint. How the acres of thick, tangled surrounding woodland. In the centre of the glade, lazily cropping grass, stood the lieu-

woodland. In the centre of the glade, lazily cropping grass, stood the lieutenant's horze.

He was riderless! Max had vanished.

For an hour or more the riders "best up" the nearby woods in every direction, alded by one or two sentres who had been drawn thither by the noise. But there was no more sign of Max Clark than would there be of a fish that has flapped overboard from a boat. Clark than would there be of a fish that has flapped overboard from a beat. In the rank tangle of underbrush Blooker, Commander of the Army of the where he had dropped lightly from the was perfectly at home. And that same was perfectly at home. And that same was perfectly at home. And that same together, he knew, extended north almost togethe, he knew, extended north almost the bistoric northward rush which was together to the bistoric northward rush which was together the product of the bistoric northward rush which was the bistoric northward rush where looged teem. to the knew, extended north almost to the knew, extended north almost to the knew the sarch lasted. Then, slowly, and the scarch lasted. Then, slowly, and while the wardrous coulion of an Indian, he becan ble scilious way northward toward his own vamp. A prowing few world have made as much noise and would have made as much noise and would have made as much noise and

have given the lainters quite as much him as to his whereabouts.

It was lite that night when Max runned the tents of his regiment.
Limping to his Colonel's tent he made his report. The Colonel, hours earlier, the convent from Roy Cans the "mirand received from Roy Gans the "mir for message' transmitted that morning by Max and had forwarded it to General Hooker. But he listoned like a child to a fairy story as Max told the tale of his adventures. At its conclusion, the Colonel noted for the first lead to the lad's utterly exhausted con-

time the lad's utterly exhausted con-dition and packed him off to bed, Max reached his tent, noted dully that Ray was absent; then tumbled over on his blankets and was dead releep by the time his head touched them. For nearly forty-eight hours had had no wink of sleep and for all that time his body and brain and neaves had been on the rack. He slept the dragmess brute-sleep of utler and

"What's happened?" "Hob Dale," snewered Ray,
"What about bim?"
"He was captured last evening."

ur lines as as a spy

ride down hang to-morrow morning. Where are

The knowledge that a horse is charging down upon one and may in another moment trample one under his hoofs is later he emerged. One glance at his not conductive to calm nerves or steady stern, sorrowful face told Ray of his

Max was in danger of running into some sentry whose aim might be better than the first's.

Into the high undergrowth Max crashed. The pursuers, galloping after, could hear the flying feet of his horse bursting through the saplings and shrubs. The sound served to guide them in the chase. Into the wide thicket they tore, plunging on in the wake of Max's horse, which they could still hear not many yards in front of them.

At last they burst out into a little global that served as a sort of casts in "You'd see Secretary Stanton?" cried hay incredible the served as a sort of casts in the charge of the served as a sort of casts in the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters in the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the secretary of the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters in the charge of the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the secretary of the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the camps with the President, I heard the Colonel say so. Headquarters before the cam

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"Yes, yes," the little general was say- whose presence generals grew confuseding impatiently, 'that's the idea you and incoherent.

gentlemen in Congress seem to have. Stanton glanced keenly at the figure. preparing to resign. A lew an officer burst into the text the cavalry can gathen an officer burst into the text. The cavalry can gathen and might have been supported by the cavalry can gathen to believe at first had come for his arrest—to that Meade was appointed that Meade was appointed to be the march and trot in the Army of the Potomac, it is easily and the march and trot in the Army of the Potomac, it is easily and the march and trot in the Army of the Potomac, it is easily and the march and trot in the Army of the Potomac, it is easily and the march and trot in the Army of the Potomac, it is easily and the march and trot in the Army of the Potomac, it is easily and the march and trot in the Army of the Potomac, it is easily and the march and trot in the Army of the Potomac, it is easily and the march and trot in the Army of the Potomac, it is easily and the march and trot in the arms of the potomac, it is easily and the march and trot in the pleasure as he noted the boy's tattered the first time in his life, the first

and ran up the steps. The | He passed on. The civilian turned to from his usually tacitum lips. Before one of the sentinels.
"Who was that peppery little officer?"

Max perforce must wait on the porch until the Secretary and the President should appear. He had longed a thousand times to see Abraham Lincoln. Yet, now that the opportunity was at hand, he dismissed it without a thought. His business was with Stanton, the all-powerful War Secretary, whose stribbled order could save flob Dale's life.

Through the open doorway he could see the wide hall full of men, most of them civilians. A shart, compact man in general's uniform was standing near.

That was Gen, Phill Sheridan, sir, "That was Gen, Phill Sheridan, sir," and as he talked Stanton's face hard-mainted in the second look at the great little cavality leader. Just then a man steeped out whose appearance drove the midst of Max's fervial appeal. "What regiment do you disgrace by speciales life.

Through the open doorway he could see the wide hall full of men, most of them civilians. A shart, compact man in general's uniform was standing near."

That was Gen, Phill Sheridan, sir," And as he talked Stanton's face hard-med into grante.

"Who are you?" demanded the Secretary, whose appearance drove the midst of Max's fervial appeal. "What regiment do you disgrace by appearing at your army's headquarters to a colonel's coat and jean rousers?" "Mr. Secretary," faltered Max, utterly spectales. His upper lip was close sharden the med into grante.

"Who are you?" demanded the Secretary, whose appearance drove the midst of Max's fervial appeal. "What regiment do you disgrace by appearing at your army's headquarters to come was chunkily built. His cold." "Mr. Secretary," faltered Max, utterly spectales. His upper lip was close sharden. "You are under arrest," went en Stanton. "Sentine, call the corporal of the guard."

"My friend is sentenced to "— began to the midst of Max's fervial appear. "What regiment do you disgrace by appearing at your army's headquarters to the midst of Max's fervial appear. "What regiment do you army be spearing at your army's headquarters to the midst of Max's fervial appear. "What regiment do you army b

the dreaded Secretary, the man

quently, he made his plea for the lift of his chum.

Boy Scout" Prize Winners. Announcement of the second

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